



ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.

LOWELL, (MASS.) FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1847.

[NUMBER 35]

VOLUME II.]

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY Wm. F. YOUNG, & Miss M. EASTMAN.

Wm. F. YOUNG, EDITOR.

TERMS.

Single copy, \$1-25 per annum. Strictly in ADVANCE. Five copies to one address, \$5. All communications for the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed (POST PAID) to 'The Voice of Industry.'

C. W. CLOUGH AND A. W. DANIELS, PRINTERS.

POETRY.

For the Voice of Industry.

THE DEPARTED.

Come they not back, the forms of the departed! Come they not back upon the earth any more! To stand with their pure wings the weary dead, And walk their onward way brighter shored.

When night, o'er earth, her graceful form is leaning, And streams of light go floating softly by, And faintest airs come fraught with gentle meaning, Hushing the weary with their sweet lullaby.

Then, faint and weary with life's ceaseless striving, When a kin I lead a cooling coral being, There comes a rush my fading soul ravishing, It is the rushing of their golden wings.

When angels sleep around thy form is twining, And I look like visions of my soul's desire, Poet on their solemn lips, consecratedly shining, The gleaming beauty of their angel eyes.

When angels faint in my warm heart's embrace, And when no answering thrill its tongue can trace, Again I hear their golden pinions rushing, Mocker they had be in their spirit arms.

Yea, some they lack the forms of the departed; In all our hearts their shadowy shapes I see, They comfort, cheer, and bless the weary-hearted, And the dead alone are, true to me!

Lowell, March, 1847.

For the Voice of Industry.

STIMPS—NO. I.

The secret blades, With the promise of day, And the hilltops are waiting To catch the first ray.

Already the flowers Are awake on the lawn, And the willow is leaning, The by-ones of the dawn.

All hail to the token That promises day, For the night has been gloomy, This is passing away.

Its scales of strength are With-tackles and pain, And its dreams full of horror Will come not again.

Good courage, ye millions! These signs cannot lie; The wanted for morning, Is kissing the sky.

And as light chases darkness, And morn follows night; So, Order from Chaos Shall burst on our sight.

JACQUES.

Lowell, Mass.

From Hoyt's (London) Journal.

THE VERDICT OF THE POOR.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

She a maid upon a stone, Singing slow in under-tone; Came a man across a moor— He is old, and lame, and poor.

'Riches are a glorious boon, As is sought beneath the Moon.' Thus the maid, upon the stone, Singing slow, in under-tone.

'Not for hoarding—daily care Dwell where hoarded riches are; Not for hoarding—sinsful dead! Squander what the wretched hoard.'

'But for giving—God above Gives to all men in his love. Hoard or squander, desperate art Thy sad heart hath drunken art.'

Came the man across the moor— He was old, and lame and poor; And the maid, upon the stone, Spoke him thus, in under-tone:

'Here is gold;—the wretched feel Miseries which the Rich can heal.' But, blessed, he hangs his head, Asking not another's bread.

'Hiss'n bath daughters—daughters three, And one's name is Charity; She is fair, but more I prize Her sister of the bandaged eyes.'

'Money trades with glorious feet'— Thus he mumbled, but never meet— 'She is fair, but more I prize Her sister of the bandaged eyes.'

'Industry will up and strive; Idleness will never thrive; Shrug! heart will lose its shame, Begging alone in Holy name.'

'Justice for the young and old;— Give them what—'not rich men's gold;— Age has only its right to rest; Heaven will be young man's quest.'

'Justice, and no man is poor, Though another owneth more.'— Thus the old man made reply, Taking notice of Charity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY H. C. ANDERSON.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES BECKWITH.

It was so terribly cold,—it snowed and it was so terribly cold,—it was so the last evening of the year, New Year's Eve. On this cold dark evening, a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had shoes on when she went from home; but of what use were they? They were very large shoes; her mother had laid worn them; they were too large, and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be heard of, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he got children himself. The little girl now went in her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold,—she carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day, no one had given her a farthing. Poor thing! she was hungry and trembled with the cold, and looked so down-cast! The snow flakes fell on her yellow hair which curled so prettily round her neck; but she did not heed that.

The lights shone from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast beef in the street,—it was New Year's eve, and she thought of that. She sat down in a corner between two houses, and one spind a little more forward in the street than the other,—and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but she was still cold, and she dared not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her,—and it would be directly over them, and had only the roof of a shed, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices. Her little hands were already benumbed with the cold! Ah! a little match might do some good, dust the fully, leave one out of the bundle, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out, struck it, how it burnt! it was a warm clear flame like that of a little candle, when she held her hand upon it—it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she saw by a large iron stove with bright brass balls on the top; the fire burned so nicely, and warmed so well! Nay, what was this? The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them too, that the flame went out, the stove vanished,—she sat with a stub of the burnt match in her hand. Another was struck, it burnt, it shone; and where the light fell on the wall, it became as transparent as crystal; she looked directly into the room, where the roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes seemed so charming; by on the table which was laid out covered with a shining white cloth and fine porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprung off the dish and waddled along the floor with the knife and fork sticking up in its back, it came directly up to the poor girl. Then the match went out and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat

under the most charming Christmas tree. It was still larger and more ornamented than that she had seen through the glass door at the rich Merchant's, the last Christmas: a thousand candles burnt on the green branches; and motley pictures, like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down at her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished,—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher; she saw that they were bright stars—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky.

'Now one dies' said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who alone had been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls a soul goes up to God.

'Holla, said Parsons, 'how the devil come you here?' 'I never saw you before,' said the tragedian looking him steadfastly in the face. 'Stay here a moment then,' returned Parsons, and away he went, as fast as he could conveniently walk to the prison. In the meantime Booth had repaired to the jail and was hoisted to his place of confinement. Parsons intended to see if Lovett was there and the first individual whom he encountered, was Booth. His hair almost stood erect with wonder and astonishment. 'Why, fellow,' said Parsons, 'did I not leave you in the market, ten minutes since?' 'I never saw you before,' said the tragedian, with his unflinching gaze, and in his deep-seated peculiar tone of voice.

Parsons was incredulous, as he hastened back to market, and there stood Julius Brutus, alias Lovett, who had left the jail as before, and arrived first.

'How are you, Parsons?' said Booth. 'How is your nephew, the parson?' Parsons' cheek began to look pale. He thought there was some necromancy or witchcraft in the matter. 'Stay but a moment here and I'll come back,' said he. He wound his way home, almost delirious with excitement and incredulity, where he found Booth, which almost drove him frantic. 'The day passed, and nearly every hour, Parsons entered the apartment to see that Lovett was safely secured.

The next morning Parsons counted his prisoners as usual, evening eyed Booth with the most intense scrutiny. The tragedian had a large patch upon his foot, which Parsons noted particularly. Finding his prisoners all safe, he went to market as usual, meditating upon the extraordinary occurrences of the previous day, and there, to his utter horror and amazement, stood Lovett, the identical horse-theft whom he had just left.

'How did you get out?' said Parsons. 'Out of where?' echoed Booth. 'Why, out of jail, where I left you, to be sure.'

'Cool,' said Booth, 'do you wish to insult me? I never saw you before.'

'Why, rascal,' says Parsons, 'I know you by the patch upon your foot.'

Parsons' wits began to turn, he could hardly believe his senses. He walked, he ran, until out of breath, to the jail, and there was Lovett, with the patch upon his foot, as before.

Parsons was taken ill, and continued so for several days; and Booth resorted to another stratagem to recover his hip. He feigned illness and death, and having made an arrangement with a friend at his lodgings, he was taken from the jail in a coffin, lured with holes which allowed him to breathe, and conveyed to the jail, which satisfied Parsons that he was effectually rid of Lovett.

A short time afterwards, the tragedian met Parsons and inquired why he had circulated a report that he (Booth) was Lovett. Parsons explained the resemblance, and apologized to him for having acted so rudely in market.

The Legislature has varied its labors in the way of 'aiding and comforting' corporations, by doing a little in the way of raising salaries. The clerk in the Adjutant General's office, is to hereafter have \$300, he formerly having received \$200. It is thought the Legislature will not get through its arduous public labors for the benefit of private bodies and individuals, until the middle of the next month.—[Fitchburg Tribune.]

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

SOCIAL KINDNESS.

How are we to understand it, that, while blessings are showered around us, as the summer rain; there is so little real happiness on earth. Go with me if, you please to yonder great thoroughfare, where pass to and fro, persons in every variety of circumstance; old and young, rich and poor; some claiming a home in our own favored America, and others, there are, who have homes amid friends on the other side of the Atlantic. Observe them as they hasten along, each one in eager pursuit of happiness! One expecting to find it in this, and another in that; yet rarely do we find the man who can say he is truly happy.

It is true, that for man, nature puts on her most beautiful robe for him she wraps herself in her snowy shroud; lovely even in this. Man may (if he will), hear music, in the murmuring streams, or in the song of birds; in the sighing wind and the gentle zephyr. He may see beauty in the modest flower, or in the flowing river, or in the proud waving forest; in the forked lightning, the rolling thunder, or the heaving ocean. All day the sun shines gaily upon him, and when night draws around him her sable curtain, the moon looks kindly in upon him, and seems to say, sleep on weary mortal, I will hold my vigil over thy couch till dawn. Nature is richly fraught with beauty, her voice is a continual music, from the rustling leaf to the song of an angel, yet man is unhappy even in the midst of all this. And why is it? Oh! why is it that man is so wretched? Let me ask—

Is it not because he allows his selfish passions to enslave him? Does not the love of gain, oftentimes, blind men down to earth and make them to forget their high and holy duty. Like the man in the fable, they play with straw while a crown is extended for them. These facts are what embitter their cup of human life; yet these are not all; by no means. Man is unsocial and unkind—forgetful of the great command, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart; and thy neighbor as thyself.' Persons often go on through the world, as though unconscious of any duty; and if conscious, regardless of that duty. Some one has said wisely, and beautifully as wisely, that courtesy is strictly speaking, a christian grace. It is indeed a plant of Heavenly origin, and it is our duty to be courteous to all, even if they differ from us widely in opinion and sentiment. It is often he said, of two individuals; that the flower which one would cherish as the very growth of heaven the other would cast away as a noxious weed! How then are we to behave? Are we to be idle, to please the idle, or ignorant to please the ignorant or vicious, to please the vicious. No, for if we do, we should not succeed in pleasing them. But we are to rejoice with those that rejoice; and to weep with those that weep. To contribute all we can in small things, as well as in great, to ameliorate the dark condition of our race, and scatter flowers on a thorny path.

If we are in company with those whose tastes and habits are opposed to ours, we are to put some restraint upon our own that theirs may not be offended. If we are with those whose manners are disgusting or temper unbecomingly to us, we are bound to cast a veil over the disgust they undesignedly excite.—It is evident then that 'social kindness' is a duty imposed upon us by the Great Creator for it is essentially necessary to our own happiness and the happiness of all around us.

Speak kindly then to thy fellow mortal while thou art with him, though mayest gain profit him in the drama of human life; if not hope on, thou wilt meet him on that blessed shore where all is lovely—where every heart is kind and true; Thou shalt there spend a long eternity in the presence of thy God, who is himself the very essence of love. W.

AMERICAN COURTESY.

Here the period of courtship is recognized, and justly too, as the most blissful of human existence—brightest sunset, and most enchanting spot on the wide side of human existence. Generally speaking, it extends over a space of from one to five years. At a time too,

when heart, and the mind are alike peculiarly susceptible to all that is requisite in nature. When the future is painted by the imagination of a long life of uninterrupted happiness, and time acquisition of joy, brightness and bliss. Before we have been taught the sad lessons of bitter experience, before care and pain, and vicissitudes have robbed the golden dreamer of youth, of their rich promise and almost splendor.

Before life has caught a shadow from the wings of time—when bounding forth with high hopes, and panting spirit, we pass the silver-headed way farther of an earlier generation, as the being of another world—as those who have finished the joyous career that we are, but just beginning. Then it is that the heart, in the spring-time of existence, thrills and dilates with many an exquisite emotion—that death seems afar off, and robbed of all his terrors. Then, it is, the time when the future rises up as a rich landscape, with green fields, verdant valleys, shadowy retreats, and a golden sunset beaming above the whole.

Then it is the heart expresses with an imaginative sensation, and calls with thrilling protest, for some fair spirit to mingle in and give additional zest to the scene, an idol in whom we see all the elements of perfection—a being of the first.

Fair as the heart that fell of woman kind. When on that dead, thy lovely spirit sent; Whose image then was stamped upon my mind— But once beguiled, and never more beguiling; Dazzling at that, all too transcendent vision To survey's phantom people's slanders given, When heart met heart again in dream's elysium, Ah! points the last on earth renewed in Heaven.

For a time we have not the possession of all our faculties. The majesty of our nature is softened and subdued. Our world seems concentrated into one slight object, and what, in the eyes of others, are blemishes and imperfections, are regarded by the mad lover as of little more importance than spots on the sun.

And now kind reverts, to give my condensed view of the whole matter under consideration, and to incorporate, the various ramifications, it is little less than a lottery.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR. THE RIGHTS OF MAN to himself, to a permanent home on the earth, to the choice of industrial pursuits, to limit for himself the hours of toil, to an equivalent for what he produces, to the best education for education, and to freedom by every thing.

LOWELL, MARCH 12, 1847.

INDUSTRIAL REFORM LEEDE.

Who whose names are associated, desirous of restoring to man this Natural Right to Land, do solemnly agree, that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress, who will not pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands of the States and in the United States, not cause them to be sold out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers, or for any man for the Government, who will not pledge himself to use all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands, to a limitation of the quantity of land to be obtained by any individual hereafter in the States, to the extent of the acreage from any future debt or mortgage, and to a limitation to ten acres of the lands of public works, or in establishments chartered by law.

RENTS RENTS. We know of nothing which appeals more urgently to the poor and working people, than the enormously high Rents that are obliged to pay in every business place. Take Lowell for illustration. The business laboring population are working year after year and employing their hard earnings into the Land-Lords Treasury. All the fruits of their industry, mental and physical, must go to buy the privilege of staying on Earth, save barely enough to keep body and soul together, and in some instances not even this. Capital can exercise supreme dictation over the poor and laboring people of the city. If by incessant toil, strict economy and comfortable demands, they can be permitted to stop, but if sickness, or misfortune should overtake them, and their means be cut off, they are at the mercy of those who by hook or by crook have come in possession of the houses and lands. The demand for rents, and the inextinguishable influx of population, has made the Land-Lords overbearing and oppressive—charging the most exorbitant prices and instituting the most rigid rules, which are enforced with arbitrary exactness. The tenant whose wife, with only nine rooms, some of them small and inconvenient, rents for \$270, and if anything is said about improving his dilapidated condition, and securing his inmates from the ordinary rains, little else than gross indifference and insulting neglect is received from the Land-Lord or his real Agents. We know of buildings, (or shanties) renting in this city, at from fifty to one hundred per cent—paying for themselves every one or two years. An industrious mechanic informed us not long since, that he had paid the original cost of the building in which he transacted business, every year for eight years in succession. And thus capital is accumulating upon capital, enabling the owners or possessors of buildings to live without labor, and become independently rich, solely from the

proceeds of their exorbitant rents. At a reasonable estimation, the rented buildings of Lowell (except the boarding-houses) in this city, pay for themselves in ten or twelve years, and yet they remain still in the hands of capital, while laborers are obliged to pay for houses that it can never own.

We ask seriously and candidly, if there is not something wholly wrong, in the workmen—those who build houses and produce the wealth of the world, being necessitated to pay nearly all they receive for their labor, for a place to stay in, thereby disabling them from ever procuring the means to build one for themselves? We do not complain so much of individuals in this matter, as the systems of law, equity and religion, which suffers such a state of things to exist and augment around us—a state of things which is filling the country with ignorance, irreligion, intemperance, vice and crime, by depriving the masses of comfortable homes and the means of education and social, physical, mental and moral improvement.

We have a law upon our Statute books against receiving more than six per cent interest on money loaned, which is vastly less important than the subject under consideration. Why not with much more propriety, and benefit to the poor and laboring portion of the community, pass a law prohibiting Land-Lords from exacting such unjust and exorbitant rents. The first and permanent remedy for this growing evil which aims to render the condition of the poor and landless portion of our people as depressed and hopeless as their fellows across the water; is only to be found in the equal and just distribution of the Soil, which will insure a home to all and prevent one man from possessing and monopolizing the homes of others. Let those who would receive a home for themselves and posterity, free from the Land-Lords' despotic selfishness, encourage the "Free Soil" cause.

MORTALITY OF LOWELL. The following from the Lowell Patriot is a well deserved and timely rebuke upon men who apparently are willing to sacrifice the best good of their fellow beings, upon the shrine of popular favor. Oh, how little of true human sympathy and pure Christian philanthropy, is to be found among men of influence and standing in Society. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!"

We received, through the post office, from Dr. Brown, City Physician, we presume, a pamphlet of eight pages, entitled "Bill of Mortality of the City of Lowell, for the year 1846." Dr. Brown, in the first paragraph of the Prefatory remarks, says—"It will be perceived from the following statement, that nearly twice as many deaths occurred in Lowell during the last year, as in either of the three preceding years, and above two hundred more than ever before occurred in the city in a single year. It is needless to speculate on the causes of this increased mortality, since there is so little probability that it could lead to any useful or satisfactory results."

Dr. Woodbury says, that you are doing your duty as a Christian and philanthropic physician when you discuss so conscientiously a subject with so much conscientiousness. "It is needless," you say, "to speculate on the causes of the increased mortality."—It is needless for you to do so, no doubt—you know what the causes are—but how many what proportion among the whole number of our population, know anything of these causes? Is it not because our population is becoming more permanent—more decidedly a manufacturing people—with less of the comforts and conveniences of life, less leisure, less liberty, less freedom to breathe the fresh air, and a less number have means to return to, die to?

In 1833, the population of Lowell was 12,363; in this year, or one in 55.43; in 1836, 17,638; deaths, 825, or one in 53.69; in 1840, 20,581; deaths, 426, or one in 49.24; in 1844, 25,163; deaths, 342, or one in 69.51; in 1846, 29,841; deaths 669, or one in 41.78. Here we have the astounding fact that while the population increased in the city of Lowell in two years, from 25,163 to 29,841, or about 14 per cent, the deaths in the same time increased from 342 to 669, or about 40 per cent! Had the population increased for the last two years in the ratio that deaths have increased, Lowell would now contain 50,000 inhabitants instead of 30,000, and at the present population. From tables published in this report, the average mortality in England is shown to be 1 to 46.39, in 1841, and in Lowell, in 1840, 1 to 41.78.

We trust this report will receive the attention of this people, and before Lowell becomes such a cholera house as Manchester, England, something will be done to avert the awful state of things to which it shows us rapidly hastening.

CONGRESS.—The body of public loaves, having remained in Session and squandered the people's money to the extent of Constitutional license, adjourned last week Friday. It is thought that some of their country—especially her "Gent" will call them together soon, in an extra Session.

ERRATUM.—In the first line of the sweet little "Main" on page first, great should read orient.

EDITORIAL NOTICES OF THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

At the present juncture of affairs we have thought the following, among a multitude of notices our humble but devoted sheet has received from our brethren of the Press, might not be devoid of interest to our readers and friends, which we insert indiscriminately.—The following is from that infallible sheet The Lowell Courier, which is a conspicuous article from a conspicuous paper edited by a conspicuous man, and edited to a conspicuous place in our list.

The Voice of Industry appears this week with a new head, and printed very much better than usual. The Able Editor has become one of the editors. It will use her influence to keep the paper free from the scurrility and blackguardism which have characterized it ever since its establishment in this city. We think she will succeed. In such case, the paper has our good wishes for its prosperity. [Lowell Courier.]

In contrast with the preceding, are the following only remarks from the many pen of Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune, a man and a paper, to our praise. To say that we differ in some respects, is but to acknowledge that we belong to the human species, subject to human errors and frailties; but when those differences arise from honest minds, laboring for honest purposes, they will ever be entertained by the true-hearted friend to society with charity and respect. We shall endeavor to be "obedient in spirit" only with wrong and at peace only with right.

"Hearts may agree, though heads differ."

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY at Lowell, Mass., has passed under the editorial charge of Wm. F. Young and Miss M. F. FAY, and still will be published weekly at \$1.25 per annum or five copies for 25 in advance. It is among the most able and earnest advocates of a Reformation in the Conditions of Labor and at the same time a staunch champion of Land Reform, Temperance, Peace and general Morality. It is inclined to be temperate in spirit, and especially inclined to war on Corporations and on Capital, though its conditions realize in their cooler moments that the evils they would combat are not inherent in any class, but in false principles, and selfish aims. It is, though widely taken, is most supported, and makes an earnest appeal for more subscribers and better pay. If the hard-handed Many are not unfaithful to themselves it will receive it. [N. Y. Tribune.]

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.—This paper, the publication of which was suspended a short time since, has been revived. It now makes its appearance in a new dress and looks as neat as ever. It is under the editorial charge of Mr. W. F. Young, who makes a far better paper than ever. It is a staunch and earnest advocate of the Reformation of the "Industrial Reform League," and it merits to the attention of those who feel an interest in the welfare of the laboring classes. [Manchester Messenger.]

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.—We are glad to learn that this spirit of benevolence of the Rights of Labor, is placed upon a footing which will secure its continuance at least for one year.—It has done a brave work in contending for a better organization of industry, and we trust that the year will be a fruitful one, and will light before the people. We rejoice that some of our contemporaries are disposed to read a lesson of good manners to the Voice; but its ships, if any, are rather offences of taste than of temper, and should be pronounced to the excitement provoked by the advocacy of a noble but neglected cause. At any rate, our political organs are not quite immaculate enough in this respect, to authorize them to throw stones at the "Voice of the Harbinger."

This impure "taste" may be the effect of the cheap supplies which present society compels laborers to feed upon.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.—This valuable weekly paper is the result of the New England Labor Reform League. It is a faithful exponent of the wrongs and suffering of the factory workers, devoted to the elevation and improvement of the human condition, and the final and permanent emancipation of labor from its present suicidal, competing and depressing tendencies. It has to bear up against the great power and influence of the organized and organized wealth of New England. The difficulties it has to contend with, are therefore immense, and requires for its assistance and support, the contributions and assistance of the friends of Humanity throughout the United States.

The devoted and self-sacrificing labors of W. F. Young, commend the paper to the support of the tolling masses in the east, especially those engaged in the factories. Now is the time to subscribe for its support and continuance. An interesting discussion is going on in its columns between a Spectorator and an Operative. [Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.—This spirited and independent advocate in the cause of progressive improvement of the laboring classes, printed at Lowell, which has for some time past been published by the New England Labor Reform League, has been transferred to Mr. F. Young and Miss M. F. FAY, who will continue to publish it. Mr. Young has been one of the former editors of this paper, and has done good service in the cause of the tolling millions. The paper appears as usual with a new head, illustrative of the principles which it advocates. [Ohio State Tribune.]

To the Northampton Democrat, Young America and Harbinger who endorsed our Prospectus, in part or entire, we feel especially indebted. Also to the Chronology, Farmer & Ledger, who have added a word of encouragement and hope.

Our best endeavors shall be, to prove ourselves worthy the numerous favors we have received by our fidelity to the universal cause of human good.

Citizens Temperance meeting at the City Hall, next Thursday evening.

Correspondents will please have patience. A subscriber next week.

Lowell, March 1, 1847.

DEAR SIR.—Can you inform the public how it is that rich retailers, having no license to sell and no spirits, continue to be the traffic, while those of small means are honored with a prosecution? True the latter class are the less scrupulous to the law, than the first, but it seems to be showing too much difference, if not to be, in prosecuting the poor vendor and passing the richer. For my part I don't think one should suffer the punishments due another; and why is not even handed justice administered to all?

Knowing you are under no particular influence, but insert truth and always ready to sustain it, I shall expect to hear from you on this subject. The temperance reform needs such encouragement, and every action should be had in its favor, but this selecting from three hundred retailers a few who are less wealthy than Marston, Ferrin and others, is not calculated to promote the object. Deal with all, show no favor, and my word for it, temperance will yet predominate in this fair city. A Subscriber.

In answer to the above we have only to say, that to our mind there is a woful want of moral courage among many of the temperance advocates of this city, that leads them to pass the rich violator of the law, and deal with the poor three cent retailer.

This want of moral courage is not confined to the cause of temperance alone, but may be witnessed in almost all Departments of human action. A disposition to reverence wealth, no matter how obtained, is too apt to influence men engaged in reformatory movements.

Wealth and its consequent trappings and influences, is what saves the general run of men from prosecution. The general drinker who has influence in the State and may be in the Church, and even many who profess great regard for temperance, patronize those establishments and form a guard around them, which the administrators of the law dare not encounter, and in many cases the guard itself are administrators of the law.

Until men cease to reverence wealth and regard more to principles and treat all men according to their true deserts, independent of circumstances, and until men live duty and truth more than popularity, these gross inconsistencies will characterize the temperance reform.

PUBLICATIONS.—We have received from those philanthropic and enterprising publishers, Fowler and Wells, the following highly useful works.

"Spearhead on Education, a neatly bound book of over 300 pages, price 75 cts. Physiology, Animal, and Mental, applied to the preservation and restoration of health of body and power and mind, by O. S. Fowler, over 300 pages, price, 75 cts. Fowler on Marriage of over 300 pages, 50 cts. Discoveries and letters on a solar and Temperate Life, by Louis Comaro, a valuable little work on Diet and the necessity of abstinence habits to secure longevity and render life pleasant and valuable.

The above works are, for sale at N. J. Duttons Merino Book St.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL JOURNAL for March is out with its usual supply of "good things" for the body and mind.

"LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE."

We are happy to announce that a series of Lectures are to be given in this city, commencing next Wednesday evening at the City Hall, upon the "prominent humanitarian movements of the age." The lectures are intended for the benefit and improvement of all classes and will doubtless be of a high order, as a guarantee that they will be such, the services of the following distinguished philanthropists, have been secured.

ADIN BALLOU, Hopedale, G. RILEY, Brook Farm, J. S. DWIGHT, do., S. P. ANDREWS, Boston, W. H. CHANNING, do., H. GREELEY, New York. The Lowell Brass Band will furnish Music.

Tickets at 25¢ Twenty-five cents for the Course. — may be had at the Bookstores and News Rooms. Single Tickets, 12 1/2 cents.

Let "The People" see that the lectures are well attended.

"SPECTATOR" seems to think, we take especial pain to "misunderstand" him, which is far from being the case. We do not write for the sake of controversy, but that truth may be developed. We have entertained "Spectator's" articles with charity, but find ourselves unable to understand him, which possibly may be accounted for, from the fact that he does not understand himself, for he continually quibbles about from one position to another like an eel out of its element.

If boldly and unequivocally stating that Man is the creature of circumstances, is not acknowledging one's self "a believer in the principles of Owen," than we know not what is, for this, is the beginning and end of Mr. Owen's doctrine. It appears to us that Spectator's remarks about the direct and indirect benefits of the Lien Law, is strongly tinged with a disposition to quibble; however we will be as charitable as possible.

We have expended seventy-four millions, to recover of Mexico a claim of two millions—and it is not yet recovered. [Catact.]

WE have received two somewhat lengthy articles during the past week, reviewing an article recently published from one of our correspondents, upon the Bible. Fearing that a discussion of this subject would be unprofitable to both parties and in some respects unprofitable, justice to our own judgment requires that we should withhold the articles from the public; in doing which our estimate of the author's sincerity of purpose and devotion to the cause of humanity, remains unchanged, and we think by a short interview we should be able to convince them that the object they would accomplish could not be advanced in this way. Probably our own views upon the subject would not harmonize with those of either party.

THE LICENSE LAW IN LOWELL.—For the past two or three weeks a spirited war has been waged with the liquor dealers of this city, under the superintendance of a prosecuting committee, chosen at one of the Citizens' Temperance Meetings, for this purpose. Some 30 or more retailers have been brought before Judge Crosby and fined and several bound over. We have but little faith in producing any permanent good in the temperance cause by Law, still we hope those who honestly believe in its efficacy, will act like consistent men and walk up to their convictions of duty without fear or favor.

NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR is of very unattractive character, rumors are abroad that a general engagement has taken place at Saltillo—these rumors wait confirmation.

THE PEOPLE OF VERMONT are expecting an attack upon that place. Appearances indicate that a serious and bloody conflict is not far distant.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTIONS.—From the returns received up to last evening, the state of the vote indicates that the regular Democratic party are successful. The vote is unusually large, showing that a great effort was made by all parties.

Whatever the result may be, we have a message to deliver to the dominant party.

MASSACHUSETTS LICENSE LAW SUSTAINED. The Supreme Court of the United States have unanimously decided in favor of the constitutionality of the Massachusetts License Law. We hope the friends of legal action in carrying out the temperance cause, will now be enabled to test it to their entire satisfaction.

A CONVENTION of the New England Land Reform League will be held in this City on the 30th day of March.

All friends in the division of the Industrial classes, human progress and improvement, are earnestly requested to be present.

A FIRE broke out on Wednesday morning in a building on Middlesex St., owned by Thos. Bixby and occupied by him as a dwelling house and a curriers shop. The inside of the building was burned out, destroying in amount of leather and other property—insured.

We understand that "opie an excitement exists at Dover N. H. on the subject of Labor Reform."

May its spirit be well founded and perseveringly sustained.

A DEMOCRATIC BANK—Paul's—Mother Earth. Exchange.—The transplanting of the nursery and garden. Peasants.—The seed sown by the farmer. Discounts.—Happiness, safety and early independence. A self—Smiling fields waving with a golden harvest. Liberties.—Invited to God alone to send the sunshine and the rain. Dividends.—Health, wealth, and honest patriotic hearts. [Young America.]

DEFEAT OF THE WILMOT PROVISION.—In Congress on Monday and Thursday, 1st and 2d inst., the most important proceedings were in the Senate relative to the Wilmot Proviso which was defeated by a vote of 31 to 31. [Farmer and Ledger.]

TEN HOUR SYSTEM.—The mechanics of Bath, Me., have had a public meeting at which they passed resolutions declaring it expedient to adopt a uniform system by which to regulate the hours of labor to constitute a day's work; and that the ten hour system is the best. [Manchester Telegraph.]

ON Friday morning, the steamer Cricket was nearly consumed by fire at her wharf in New York. The fire was finally subdued, but not till a loss had accrued of some \$25,000 or \$38,000, besides injury to the freight of probably \$5000 or \$3000 more.

AT Glasgow, Tenn., a few days since, a young man eloped with and married the daughter of a gentleman of that place, and on the return of the parties, the father of the bride killed the young man with a doubled barreled gun.

THE POPE.—The popularity of the Pope remains unabated. He has recently raised the wages of laborers, and given directions for extensive drainage works.

